Cathedral High School

SENIOR ALBUM

1953

1953

Boston, Massachusetts

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Anthony R. DeMattia
Robert Michael Dever
John Joseph Diggins

Leo John Driscoll
Thomas Gerard Dunlap
Paul Francis Dunn
Arthur Francis Dwelley
Robert Peter Faherty

Thomas Edward Finnerty
Edward Paul Fitzpatrick
Joseph Kevin Fitzpatrick
James Francis Flaherty
Leo Francis Fleming

Donald Maurice Ford
Paul Francis Gaughen
James Edward Gleason
Robert Louis Graham
John Lawrence Griffin

Richard Anthony Guerrini
Paul Francis Halloran
John Anthony Hamilton
George Francis Hanlon
William Francis Hastings

James Anthony Heney
Gerard Edward Hogarty
Joseph Patrick Holloran
Donald Francis Howell
Joseph Arthur Hurley

Joseph Patrick Jackman
John Joseph Jacobbe
Thomas Henry Kane
David Michael Keaveney
Arthur Francis Kennedy

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Paul James Lahaie
Howard J. Landers, Jr.
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Paul Peter MacDougall

Gerard Michael Martin
Thomas Edward Martin
Peter Joseph Martus
Robert Frederick Matson
Thomas Joseph McBride

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Paul Joseph McCormick
Robert Norman McDonah
John Francis McKenna
Thomas Paul McKenna

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Patrick J. McLaughlin
Francis Joseph McManus
Paul Francis Morin

Gerald Michael Murphy
Richard Michael Murphy
Richard James Nelson
Richard James Nolan
Alfred John Norman

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Joseph Patrick O'Neil
Patrick Joseph Pender
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Ronald George Richard
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Richard Lester Simard
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William Henry Sullivan
William Maurice Sullivan

Thomas Joseph Synan
Paul Francis Tully
Edmund Joseph Twomey
Bernard E. Van Tassell
Edwin Joseph Ventola

Nicholas C. Vertullo
Louis Adolf Von Kahle
Joseph F. Wallace
Owen Vincent Walsh
Paul David White

Walter Lee Wynn
Robert Francis Young
Joan Marie Anglin
Marie Odette Aroix

Noella Ann Aylward
Isabel Jean Baione
Dorothea Annette Blake
Catherine Anne Bolton
Marilyn Joan Brady

Barbara Ann Burns
Ellen Jane Carney
Catherine Ann Clifford
Bernice Ann Coakley
Imelda Catherine Comer

M. Eileen Concannon
Mary Theresa Connolly
Eileen Elizabeth Costello
Nancy Regina Croke
Joan Bernice Dailey

Marion C. Davison
Alice Catherine Delaney
Eleanor Ann DiCarlo
Claire Theresa Doherty
Mary Josephine Doherty

Virginia Marie Doherty
Josephine Mary Finn
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Frances Mary Flaherty

Catherine V. Flynn
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Mary Ann Glynn
Theresa Anne Healy

Barbara Mary Holland
Geraldine Ann Hughes
Mary M. Kavanagh
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Edna Frances Kennedy

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Mary Margaret Killilea
Patricia Joan Leonard
Loretta Ann MacNabb
Alice Mary Madden

Mary Teresa Mahady
Eileen Carol Maloney
Marie Teresa McCann
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Catherine A. McDonough
Mary C. McDonough
Margaret E. McEleney
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Ann Marie Minihan

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Maureen Ellen O'Connor
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Margaret Mary Tully
Patricia Bernadette Verry
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Josephine Virginia Washington
Julianne Werdel

Jeannette Margaret Whooley
Carmen Lenore Woodward
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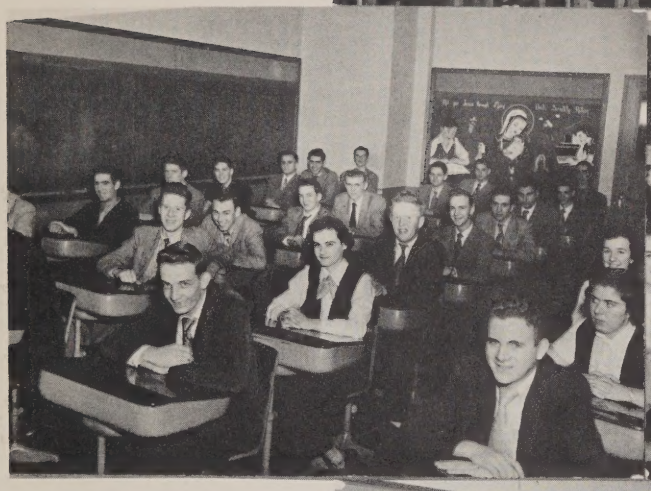
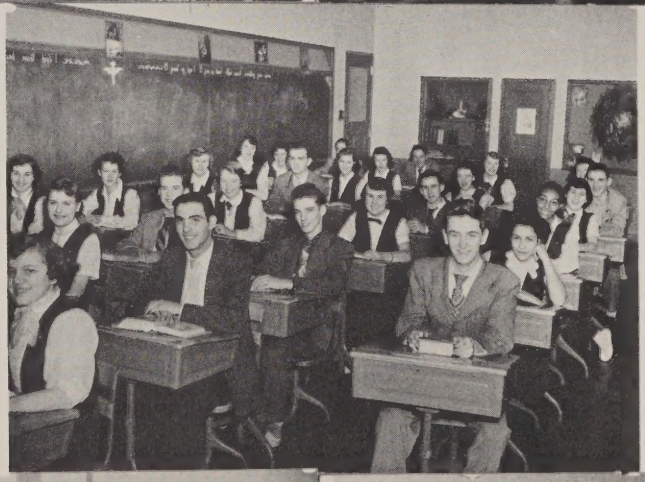
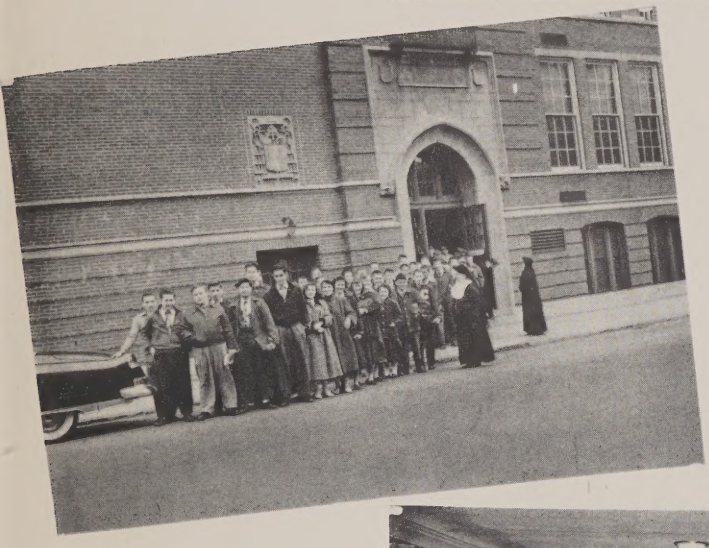
Commonweal







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Cathedral

Class of

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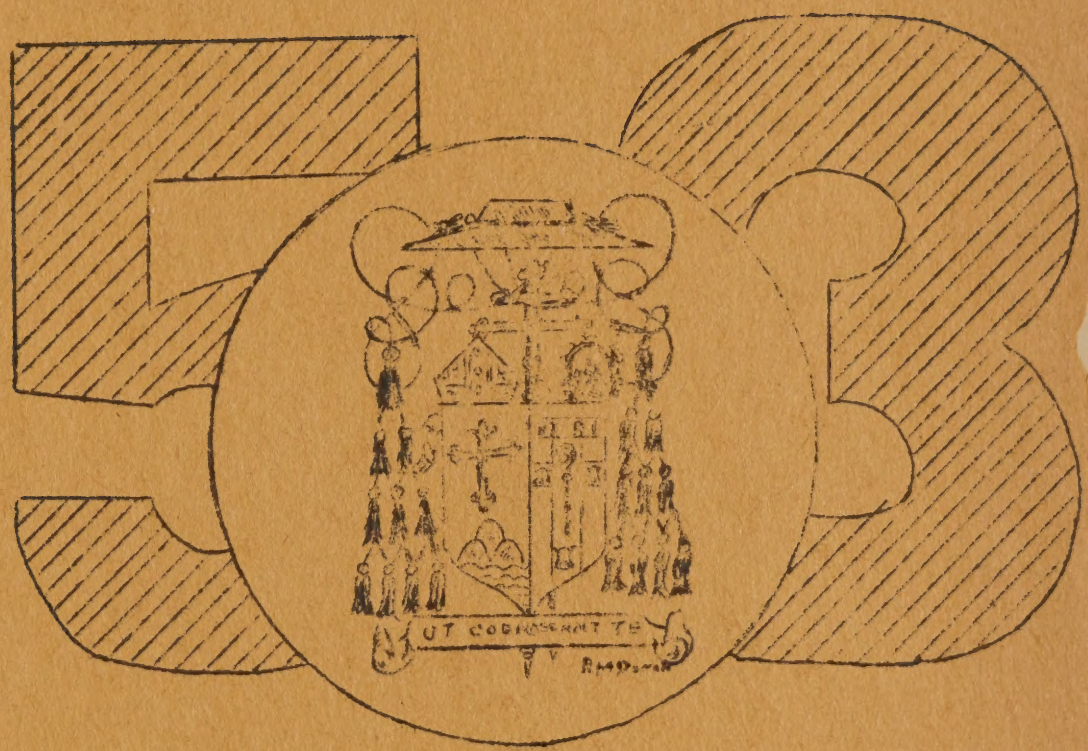

Unity Sanctity

Action

The Class of '53 acknowledges its indebtedness to the generous, faithful and efficient group of fellow students who so graciously prepared this Monograph. Our heartfelt thanks to:

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Stenotia

Catherine Flynn
Catherine Kelly
Cathrine McGlynn
Ignoscream

Robert McDonah
Kaleidoscope

1953
Prophecy
FUTUR
Bob. McDonald

PROPHECY

We were off on our trip; MARIE AROIX had cornered the mousetrap industry and was sponsoring the world excursion. Her plans were to see the world and leave her catching cares behind. She decided Spain would be the first stop; so, carefree and gay we boarded our yacht at Boston Harbor.

On entering the romantic country of Spain, our first stop was Madrid where senoritas in bright, flashing dresses danced to the rhythmic music of the guitars while many others sat out on their balconies and waited for the serenade of JOE "DON JUAN" McCARTHY.

A familiar sight greeted us at the square; for there, leaning against the hotel having a siesta were Senors PAUL DAILEY and HENRY SELVITELLE. We want around them and entered the hotel, and after getting our rooms we decided to take a short tour before dinner.

Posters advertised the big event of the season, "The Bullfight." The matador by the way was none other than JOHN "JOSE" MADDEN. After reading the posters, we visited the nearby park, renowned for its vivid display of rare and aromatic flowers. Surprisingly enough the gardeners turned out to be PAUL MacDOUGALL and JOSEPH HOLLORAN who always were flower and bird fanciers.

Walking south from the park, we hit the boulevard where there were many shops. Outstanding, was BOB FAHERTY'S famous Curio Shop. We were due back to the hotel for dinner so we were unable to do any shopping. Instead we hurried back to get freshened up. The doorman seemed quite familiar even under his large sombrero, and upon closer inspection turned out to be ALFRED "CARLOS" NORMAN. We talked for a few minutes and then went into the hotel. While crossing the lobby we bumped into another of our old classmates ROBERT McDONAH, who is the famous correspondent of the "Heney Chronicle" edited by JAMES HENEY.

That evening at dinner we were entertained by an accomplished dancer, who they say has been a big success, but after she took the rose from her teeth, I was speechless, for the dancer was PAT STASIAK. Finishing dinner I wondered to myself if anything else could happen today, for exciting as it was, it was also hard on my nerves. The rest of the evening passed quickly though, and in the morning we were on our way to Italy.

Our plane under the guidance of PETER MARTUS came to a sudden stop atop a mountain near Milan. It seems that before leaving, our engineer, THOMAS RILEY, had forgotten to fill her up with Jenny.

PROPHECY

The night was chilly, so we decided to follow a light in the distance in hope of finding a friendly fireplace, and something to eat. We were pretty lucky; the light not only led us to a friendly hearth, but also to a night of feasting and merriment. After a hearty meal of Raviolis and Noodles cooked by the artist of the kitchen, WALTER HOFFMAN, we settled down to an evening of music. First feature on the program was HOWARD LANDERS, PAUL DUNN, DAVID KEAVENEY and LOUIS VON KAHLE, Italy's answer to the Four Aces. Next we heard a tearful version of "Botcha Me" by that concert organ grinder, GEORGE RICHARDSON. He had no monkey to catch the pennies that were tossed to him, so he had to do both jobs. After his brilliant performance, George introduced the next performer, THOMAS MARTIN, who did a terrific job of imitating "Red" Buttons. By this time it was quite late so we were shown our rooms and settled down to a night of much needed sleep. But we were not so lucky. A blast that shook the entire house woke u s abruptly and we were outside in the cold before we found out that it was only the wine that RICHARD SIMARD was brewing in the cellar. He was very sorry about the scare he had given us and spent every spare minute of his time telling us so.

The next morning he personally escorted us to Rome where we went to see the opera "Carmen," to be done by an en tire male group. The part of Carmen was played by ROBERT REARDON, and the part of the bull by LEO FLEMING. It was difficult to get tickets for the matinee performance, but with the help of the local political boss ED AYOUB, we wer e fortunate enough to get the last ones.

As we entered the theatre, we purchased popcorn at a stand that was run by ROBERT GRAHAM, and a program from HENRY FITZGERALD. Fully equipped, we found our seats with the help of GERARD MERTIN, and we settled down to enjoy the Opera. It was delightful, and the music score by GERARD HOOLEY was a masterpiece.

After the performance, we met PAUL MORIN, former T.V. wrestler and went with him to have some lunch. Knowing Italy, he brought us to one of its best eating places, DONALD BURN'S "Pizzeria." This was the eating place of Italian society while there we saw such famous people as: FRANCIS McMANUS, U.N. Ambassador; CHARLES MANOLI, Italy's cinema star; then we saw JOSEPH O'NEIL, the wealthy millionaire with his partner, PAUL REGAN.

After lunch, we decided to see a little more of the town, so we bought a ticket on a tourist bus operated by ARTHUR STERNBURG. His tour was thorough a nd covered most of Rome. We got off the bus at a bout 6:00 p.m. so we decided to catch the boat for France.

As we hurried up the gang-plank, we glanced around hoping to find a familiar face among the crowd. To our surprise and great pleasure we noticed ISABEL BAIONE, world famous actress returning from England after her command performance of "The Dead Fly." We chatted a few moments and taking leave of Izzy, we started on a tour of the deck.

A bright sign spelling our "EATS" caught our attention and approaching it we saw that it was a tea shop owned and operated by FRANCES FLAHERTY, long famous as a culinary expert. Her chief chef was IMELDA COMER who was busily preparing one of her famous recipes. MARIE FRISIELLO was there also and she told us of her newest bakery shop that had just opened in Boston the month before.

At this point a terrible commotion on deck aroused our curiosity and in a matter of moments we were out to see what had happened. We were surprised to see that a helicopter had landed on deck to be refueled. We were more than surprised though when PATSY DAVIDSON alighted from it. She had her charming triplets with her. It seems as if she'll never find a baby sitter.

In a matter of days we reached "sunny" France. At the dock we were met by the wives of several members of the French Embassy. They included a few more of our classmates from C.H.S. Clad in a black and red gown was Mrs. Dickson, the former MARY FISHER. Her stately companion was the charming JUDITH PATON, who had recently made millions in the demand for stale candy. The third member of the group was JOAN YOUNG, who had won the title of "Miss Rhumba Queen of Revere."

Arriving at the Embassy, we approached the desk and were greeted by the receptionist, CAROLINE KENNY, still wearing the Taunton ring around her neck, but her left hand now sports a glittering diamond.

The rest of the day was spent sight-seeing, and it was late afternoon when we noticed that a crowd had gathered beneath the Eiffel Tower. As tourists, we wanted to see all, so we joined the party. Our gaze followed theirs, and high above the curious throng was the champion flag-pole sitter of the era, PAT KELLY, who had recently won the title of "Miss Altitude," for her previous sitting on the Empire State Building.

We continued on our excursion until we came to a millinery shop where a beanie in the window caught our roving eye. It was green with a tassel of the same color, and a gold letter on the front. We entered the store and as the proprietor began waiting on us we noticed something strange about her for she was polishing a bright yellow "banana." Then I remembered, for there was only one person that could polish fruit so expertly and that was PRISCILLA HURLEY, and sure enough that was just who it was. She told us that NOELLA AYLWARD was in Paris teaching, and as a hobby had developed a new technique in backscratching.

As the hour was growing late, I went in search of a place to dine. On a dimly lighted side-street, I discovered a drive-in which was very well patronized. Being without a car I was forced to go inside and give my order. As I sat down I saw at a nearby table, EILEEN CONCANNON and her husband, I think she called him Jack. They had just returned from Panama, where he is in the oil business.

As I walked outside a strange sight even for Paris greeted me, for there was MAUREEN O'BRIEN skating through the streets of the city. I also caught sight of another familiar figure hurrying down the street. It was MARY GLYNN carrying a football under one arm on her way to a championship basketball game.

Within a few weeks winter came to France and with it the unwelcome cold, so hopping aboard our leopard-skinned canoe we continued on our way. Our next stop was dark and mysterious Calcutta. Vicious thieves and gunmen ran rampant along the waterfront, but flashing neon lights beckoned us to enter the plush soda palace. Jerking sodas expertly behind the fountain was GERALD MURPHY. The sign over the fountain read, "Murphy's sodas guaranteed to lift you five feet up or put you six feet under." His charming assistant was JANE CARNEY, world-famous for her sundae delights.

After a refreshing sundae we left the soda palace to find our night's lodging. We had used all our MTA carchecks in France so we were forced to find other transportation. We were in luck. A few feet ahead of us a fenced-in corral marked the "Percy Primeville Riding Academy" owned and operated by that successful Calcutta banker LEO DRISCOLL. In a few minutes our horses were saddled by JOE "Ten Gallon" PENDER, and we were on our way to O'Conn-Canns Tourist Home jointly owned by MAUREEN O'CONNOR and MARIE McCANN.

After a restful night we left for Calcutta's market place. Our first stop was a quaint jewelry shop whose proprietor was ARTHUR DWELLEY. His slogan was "A Ring on the Finger is Worth Two on the Phone." We bought a few gifts and were surprised to find the cashier was none other than CLAIRE FIORE, to whom we talked for a few minutes and then we continued on our way.

A few hours in the hot Indian sun convinced us that we were not dressed suitably, so we entered Calcutta's exclusive dress-shop "The Good Friend Shop." Here we were fitted by that famous fashion stylist PAT MURPHY, and came out very satisfied for Pat was good enough to design for us one of her exclusive "exclusives." They were stylish green gabardine jumpers which were set off by smart white blouses which went extremely well with the beanies which we had acquired in France. The outfit was breathtaking and brought stares from the native Africans.

At this point we decided it was time to see a little more of Africa, so we were off to start our Safari. We were told permission had to be obtained from the American Ambassador, so that

was our next stop. On entering the Embassy we were greeted by their friendly receptionist EILEEN MALONEY, and we were immediately ushered into the Ambassador's office. We were surprised to find MARTIN CONNOR seated behind the desk. Permission was received without delay and with our guide CLAIRE McGAUGH, we trudged into Africa's interior.

We hadn't gone too far when an eerie sound came from the treetops startled, we stopped in our tracks, fear was in our hearts. We were greatly relieved to see a movie camera appear in the distance. It was only then that we dared to look toward the treetops and then we knew the source of the weird sounds for there was JAMES HIGGINS swinging from the branches for his latest Tarzan picture. Jimmy had just scored a hit in the supporting role of that famous detective thriller "What's the Scoop?" starring cinema favorite RICHARD GUERRINI and directed by the famous PAUL GAUGHEN acclaimed by critics as the director of the age.

We wanted to cover ground so we didn't stay there too long. We had a destination to reach, the A.B.C.C.S.C. That is, The African Branch of the Cathedral Candy Selling Corporation, whose President was RICHARD MURPHY. His sales staff consisted of those cracker-jack saleswomen, CATHERINE McLAUGHLIN and MARY MAHADY, by the time we got there we were tired and very hungry. We entered the lobby of the store and were escorted to Dick's office where we chatted for a few minutes. Then we followed him as he took us on a tour of the store. The accountant's office was our first stop, and we saw CARMEN WOODWARD burning the midnight oil as she plowed through the heavy books before her. Then we went on to the candy factory where we found MARJORIE McNAMARA dipping the chocolates, and BARBARA MORRISON putting them in the nearby cartons already stamped Union Park Street Boston U.S.A.

It was time for lunch, so Richard brought us into the store's modern lunchroom modeled after that world-famous restaurant "The Cathedral Cafeteria." MARY DAILEY, still as charming as ever, was serving the exotic meal of beans and frankfurts. Mary is well on way to being the head of all hash-slingers serving the natives. We ate ravenously and were off to have a much needed sleep.

Up at daybreak we started out again into the ominous jungle. We traveled by foot now and it was a hard trip. In a short time we found ourselves completely lost. Our only link with civilization was the short wave set which brought forward the lilting tones of Lucindia Droopsdile, African songstress, chanting her latest love song, "Swing Home Through The Treetops To Me, Pops." Of course we knew Miss Droopsdile when she was plain JEANNETTE WHOLLEY. She had risen to great heights, thanks to RICHARD STANTON, who was also in the public eye (in their hair too) through his song hits, which included; "Cruising Down the Congo," and "Congo Drums Are Breaking Up That Old Trive of Mine." The African sun, beating down on us did not give the right atmosphere for listening to music, so the radio was turned off.

The bushes rustled behind us and in a matter of seconds we were surrounded by a group of savage cannibals. With little ceremony they dragged us to the chief "Aly Khan Dono Rong," whom under the mask proved to be none other than JOSEPH FITZPATRICK. After recognizing us he immediately let us go, knowing what we would do to the native's digestive system. He even provided transportation in his swank fur-lined helicopter, piloted by MARY "ACE" KAVANAUGH. Her faithful friend JOAN ANGLIN was the bombardier.

Our next stop was Hawaii. It is a beautiful, clear day as our silver constellation drops from the clouds to the fruitful isle of Hoki Poki. Upon landing, we are bid farewell by our charming friend, "Kate" McDONOUGH, airline hostess. She has come home here to be married. Before leaving us, she introduced us to our guide, FRANK REIDY, the noted linguist and a teacher of French on the island. As the day is warm, Mr. Reidy graciously escorts us to the resort, The Tumble Inn, whose proud owner is "EASY" ED CRAWFORD. He specializes in cocoanuts, daily picked by that champion cocoanut picker JOAN (pick them while they're fresh) DAILEY. Ed's assistant and hostess is none other than "FANCY" NANCY CROKE, she was elected the "best dressed woman of Hoki Poki. It was those red knee socks that clinched the title for her.

A guest at the Tumble Inn was the renowned geologist mathematician, technical chemist and witch doctor, BILL HASTINGS, his colleague Professor JOHN CALABRO, was also a resident of the Inn.

Ed is so proud of his Inn that he took us on a cook's tour of the place. First he took us out to the tremendous tennis court and golf course surrounding the building. We were told these concessions belonged to "GERRY HOGARTY," and JOHN DIGGINS, the quiet man.

In the swimming pool, we are given an exhibition by that water-ballerina extraordinary, ELEANOR DiCARLO. Her coach is ANNA WALDRON, R. N., B. C., and extremely athletic sort of person with an electric personality.

After a pleasant dinner, on the terrace, with music by "Tall" PAUL McCORMICK'S Orchestra, we are entertained by the Fred Astaire of the island, DICK NELSON and his audagio partner, "Airy" MARY McDONOUGH.

Rising early the next morning, in order to view the sunrise, we are introduced to an up-and-coming, young finger painter, JEANNE STAPLES and her close friend and associate, CLAIRE MORIARTY, who designs clothes for elite clientele of the island.

After breakfast, we met the chef, JOSEPH "BOY ARDEE" FOLEY, and congratulated him on his delicious spagetti and meatballs. He gave much of the credit to his assistant and storekeeper, BOB DEERY.

On Mr. Reidy's suggestion, we visit the library, which is kept by PAUL LAHAIE. The library also offers an information bureau, and a First Aid Station, managed by PAT VERRY.

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Before entering the deep jungle to meet King "Oosh" GRIFFIN and his "cannibal court," we enter the Haven of the Homeless, the home of Dr. TOM McBRIDE. We also meet his assistant MARGARET TULEY, R. N. The assistant to the assistant is ARTHUR BURKE, male nurse, who handles the more violent cases.

An extraordinary sight greets our eyes as we see a huge tennis court in the middle of a clearing. Here is SONJA FORSBERG, professional tennis player, vacationing secretly on the island. She has brought a career girl with her. This is GERRY HUGHES, who never receives less than $200 per week as a salary. She is on the way to success.

As we make our way through the brush, assisted by that famed woodsman, ARTHUR KENNEDY, we come upon the island mission. Here we meet FATHER ED TWOMEY and his curate, FATHER BOB YOUNG. The keeper of the mission is MAUREEN KILLILEA, who does a splendid job of keeping both priest and chapel in linens.

On our way out of the jungle, we meet Fr. Twomey's organist, MARIE SALAMI. We are also introduced by her to TOM DUNLAP, the government interpreter of the natives.

The eve of our departure from the island is a sad, yet a gay occasion. A party is given us by those fabulous party throwers PAT O'CONNOR and PAT McNABB. We are again at Tumble Inn. The music of tall PAUL McCORMICK accompanies the young concert pianist entertaining us, BARBARA BURNS. KAY BOLTON was very charming as she sang that old ballad "Somebody is up to Something." She had captured the hearts of the world during her tour of Europe. Accompanying her was the lovely ANN O'MALLEY, MGM starlet. She is expecting to get the starring role in that dramatic movie based on the life of Tillie the Tiller, which will also co-star GERRY QUIRK.

All in all it was a pretty swell party. Even the mayor of Hoki Poki accepted the invitation. It was very surprising to find that the mayor was none other than JIMMY GLEASON. He was very witty and provided the comedy for the evening.

The party broke up quite late, nine o'clock I would say, so it was not very easy to get up in the morning. We just made the 8:25 boat. I don't think we would have made it if JOE JACKMAN, the Volga Boatman of the Pacific, had not driven us to the dock in his new ball-bearing scooter.

Thus we take leave of the lovely isle of Hoki Poki and we continue on our journey to Ireland.

After a most enjoyable trip across the blue Atlantic, aboard the S. S. Flying Compromise, captained by BOB "FOGBOUND" MATSON, we arrived in Galway, completely rested and ready to see those gorgeous Irish sights. In order to enjoy our visit to the utmost, we went immediately to the Irish branch office of R.S. ROBIE'S "U-DRIV-IT" syndicate, and rented a French jaguar. Climbing upon its back, we paid and thanked the dealer,"RAW DEAL" WALLACE, and went upon our merry way. Five minutes later, we had a ticket for reckless driving.

Before entering the deep jungle to meet King "Oosh" GRIFFIN and his "genital court," we enter the Haven of the Homeless, the home of Dr. TOM MacMIKE. We also meet his assistant MARGARET TUTEY, R. N. The assistant to the assistant is ARTHUR BURKE, male nurse, who handles the more violent cases.

An extraordinary sight greets our eyes as we see a huge tennis court in the middle of a clearing. Here is SONIA PORSBERG, professional tennis player, vacationing secretly on the island. She has brought a career girl with her. This is CERRY HUGHES, who never receives less than $200 per week as a salary. She is on the way to success.

As we make our way through the brush, assisted by that famed woodsman, ARTHUR KENNEDY, we come upon the island mission. Here we meet FATHER MO TWOMEY and his curate, FATHER BOB YOUNG. The keeper of the mission is MAUREEN KILLILEA, who does a splendid job of keeping both priest and chapel in linens.

On our way out of the jungle, we meet Fr. Twomey's organist, MARIE SALAMI. We are also introduced by her to TOM DUNLAP, the government interpreter of the natives.

The eve of our departure from the island is a sad, yet a gay occasion. A party is given us by those fabulous party throwers PAT 'CONNOR and PAT McNABB. We are again at Tumble Inn. The music of tall PAUL McCORMICK accompanies the young concert pianist entertaining us, BARBARA BURNS. KAY BOLTON was very charming as she sang that old ballad "Somebody is up to Something." She had captured the hearts of the world during her tour of Europe. Accompanying her was the lovely ANN O'MALLEY, MGM starlet. She is expecting to get the starring role in that dramatic movie based on the life of Tillie the Tiller, which will also co-star CERRY QUINK.

All in all it was a pretty swell party. Even the mayor of Hokt Pokt accepted the invitation. It was very surprising to find that the mayor was none other than JIMMY GLEASON. He was very witty and provided the comedy for the evening.

The party broke up quite late, nine o'clock I would say, so it was not very easy to get up in the morning. We just made the 8:25 boat. I don't think we would have made it if JOE LACKMAN, the Volga Boatman of the Pacific, had not driven us to the dock in his new bantering scooter.

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How come!!! It seems the Jaguar got a little chummy with the policeman's uniform. That most embarassed policeman, just happened to be STEVE CONNELL famed for solving that great mystery "The Cape Cod Kipper Caper". Fortunately, Dr. BARBARA " a stitch in time saves nine" McINNIS, arrived for the rescue with her needle and thread. Feeling the need for a little nourishment, we pulled up in front of GINGER O'BRIEN'S tea room where we forced down her specialty, "brazed ox tails swimming in pistachio gravy." By chance, we glanced across the room and there before us sat that noted bird fancier, dashing PAUL "BIRDIE"O'LEARY, who just happened to be in Ireland for the purpose of tracking down the almost extinct cross-eyed Irish cuckoo. Having finished lunch, we bought the local newspaper entitled "The Shamrock Shamsheet," which is edited by JOHN (no news is good news) McKENNA. The headlines stunned us. That famous, or shall we say infamous criminal lawyer, JOHN "SHYSTER" DARCY was defending GEORGE "Baby Face" McDONOUGH of the South End,of Dublin that is, against the charges that he sold left handed monkey wrenches to underhanded politicians. The gravity of the indictment lay in the fact that "Baby Face" had done this in an attempt to overthrow the Hamocrats. This is a new political party made up of old disabled actors. The head of this party is none other than our old class president JOHN RYAN, serving as the Irish ambassador to America. John is currently supervising the sculpturing and the erection of a seventy-five foot statue of himself, whose head is to be carved out of the Blarney Stone. The artist engaged in this prodigious task is BOB "The Chiseler" Browne.

Turning to the comic strip, our eyes lit upon "Fearless Frostwick" created by Smiley DAN DOHERTY, Charlestown's answer to Ernie Bushmiller. In the current events section, an item caught our attention. ANN MINIHAN was staging the grand opening of her palatial skating rink "Bon Vine." The feature attraction of this great opening was TOM PENDER, men's professional skating champ. Ironically, Anne's life-long friend, DOTTY BLAKE won a poultry plucking contest, having plucked ten chickens in 35.3 seconds. In the entertainment world, ARTHUR "Fingers" PICKETT and his world renowned band, The Seven Fence Posts, are currently playing in Cork. The vocalist for this band is HENRI "Showboat" RAMETTE, famed for his unusual style of singing songs with an Irish brogue and a French accent. In the society column, ED "Nothing but a Cadillac" Ventola, financially well-to-do sports salesman is enjoying himself fishing for the halibut in Galway Bay. Ed made his money by selling football equipment to women trying to get a seat in the five o'clock subway rush downtown in Boston. Walking by a bookstand, we noticed that MARY DOHERTY had just completed her latest book <u>Elegy of Neponset</u>. This is a sequel of her previous sensation "Why I Wore Snowshoes in South Africa." Then an obnoxious odor assailed my nostrils; it was coming from EDDY "The Mouse" KEOUGH'S hamburger cheese factory. I noticed FATHER TOM SYNAN talking on television. He is the protege of America's Bishop Sheen; incidentally Fr. Synan's program is sponsored by Ireland's leading brand of cigarettes "Holy Smokes." A most interesting commercial was delivered by PAUL "Tear and Repair" TULLY, in which he claimed that his cigarette does not bite, scratch, or burn the throat because it won't light. Passing a convalescent home, we spied DONALD "Mary" FORD, world's foremost mathematician who is here after suffering a nervous breakdown while working on a very exasperating experiment, trying to figure out how to square a circle and duplicate a cube.

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suffering a nervous breakdown while working on a very exasperating
experiment, trying to figure out how to square a circle and duplit-
cate a cube.

After a few more months of breathtaking scenes and endless excitement our vacation was over. We sold our Jaguar to CASEY and McLAUGHLIN taxi service, which has stands from Zandibar to the South Pole. Their motto is: "Our taxis never stop, they just drive away." We had a very restful trip back to America on the U. S. S. Howell, named after that fabulous marathon swimmer DON HOWELL, who holds the distinction of being the only man ever to swim around the world without refueling. The commander of this ship was TOM "Don't Break a Wave" FINNERTY, whose immortal words when his ship was under fire, will live in infamy: "Give up the Ship." Strolling around the deck, we found DONALD MULCAHY and ED CARTY busily scrubbing down the ships deck with a new kind of wet mop that is used without water. This latest invention of modern science was contributed by that well known scientist Prof. ANTHONY DeMATTIA.

Arriving back in America, at New York, we met ALICE "Spare the rod and save the child" DELANEY, who was there to receive an award for being the most popular teacher in the country. The award was presented to her by that renowned woman senator, JOAN KEEFE. Accompanying Alice was her closest friend, ELIZABETH McCARTHY, famous women clothe's designer. Suffering from weary feet, we decided to get a new pair of shoes at HANLON'S SHOE STORE which specialized in second hand diver's boots, opened toed suede combat boots, snow shoes for Floridans, and patented leather high heel baseball spikes. There we met NICK VERTULLO, player coach of the Boston Celtics. He was buying fusha sneakers with chartreuse dots. His team also wears leopard skin basketball pants and velvet green jerseys. The outstanding stars on the team are the famous trio of JOHN DIGGINS, JOHN JACOBBE, THOMAS KANE. Nick says his team might not be the best but they certainly are the most colorful. Handling the publicity for the team is that renowned columnist, ROBERT DEVER. Talking about the U. sports world, Nick told us that "Bullet Bill" SULLIVAN is still quarter back for the Cleveland Browns, former world champions in the Central League.

Time was getting short, as the hour of our class reunion was drawing near, so we hopped aboard our jet propelled scooter and continued on the final lap of our journey to Boston.

As we entered the hall, the first person we saw was PAUL HALLORAN, the operator of the Loyal Aircoach Lines. After talking to Paul, we met BERNARD VAN TASSEL, the famous heart specialist, and his assistant WALTER WYNN. Across the room we noticed RONALD RICHARD or maybe we should say Brigadier General RONALD RICHARD U.S.M.C. By his side was his old chum, JOHN HAMILTON, whose main job is to carry the General's baggage, and also the General if necessary. The room was fast filling up, and just then we saw FRANK DAILEY and GERARD KENNY walking towards us, quite unconscious of their surroundings. It seems that they were discussing their trip to outer space which will take place next month. The engineer on the trip will be JAMES MacDONALD "The tooth-paste king of the airways." After rendering an account of the details of the trip, they left us to join their companions who were GERARD TARALLO, manager of the Boston Bears Football Team, and JOSEPH HURLEY, cartoonist for Walt Disney Studios. Joe wasn't alone in Hollywood. Bernice Coakley had done very well in OWEN WALSH'S movie extravaganza, "The Misses in Boston." Much of Bernice's good fortune must be attributed to her manager and good friend EDWARD FITZPATRICK.

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The room was quite noisy by this time, and getting noisier by the minute. BARBARA HOLLAND and JULIANNE WERDEL, our charming hostesses for the evening were trying to quell the chatter but without much luck. A signal from the Mistress of Ceremonies finally did the trick and MARILYN BRADY stood up to give the opening speech, as her old pal MARY CONNOLLY busied herself filling Marilyn's glass of water. THERESA HEALEY went about filling the glasses of the other guests with one of her famous "Really Rosy Delights." We let our eyes gaze over the gaily decorated room and it wasn't long before we discovered many familiar faces from the past.

At tables number one and two were seated an impressive group of businessmen including: RICHARD NOLAN, of American Steel; JAMES FLAHERTY of Wall Street; and BILL SULLIVAN, famous inventor of soundless alarm clocks. Dr. ROBERT RYAN was there also. Congressman ED McLAUGHLIN and Senator JOHN CRONIN were unable to attend because of political commitments.

Sitting at the next table was CLAIRE DOHERTY, now Mrs. O'Rourke, a sedate bride of four weeks. Beside her we could see the glimmer of red hair which unmistakenly pointed out VIRGINIA PRESCOTT, famous for her important secretarial position in the "Somerville Beanie Pot Company." The third member of the trio was the beautiful ANN MELANPHY, an instructor in the course of "How to get a man in six easy lessons." Included in the course is the latest lessons in the art of Hypnotism.

The strains of the orchestra began to play the currently popular "Mad Blues," and on the center of the floor we saw an example of tango artistry performed by that talented Miss CATHERINE McCLUSKEY. Just then KAY KELLY, looking extremely smart in her Air Line Hostess uniform approached us. She had recently returned from Siberia, and told us that she had seen a famous quartet of carnival aerialists. "The most daring act on earth." It consisted of CATHERINE FLYNN, hanging from VIRGINIA DOHERTY'S toes while JOPPIE FINN ate a banana and balanced CATHERINE CLIFFORD on her baby finger at an altitude of 5,000 feet.

We wandered around the room looking for more familiar faces when much to our surprise we met JOSEPHINE WASHINGTON, who informed us that she is now president of the American Florist Association, for the preservation of pansies, and potted plants. A smart "business looking" girl approached us and introduced herself as MARIA MECHINI. Maria's now an undercover agent for the F.B.I. and had just flown up from Washington D.C. for the Reunion, leaving behind her the still unsolved mystery of "Who stole Casey's hat."

Well it was very heart warming to meet all our old friends from C.H.S. again, but wait, we can see at the doorway, a "bright yellow slicker" and here comes PAT LEONARD carrying her guitar under one arm and yodeling "BETTER LATE THEN NEVER."

Class Will

This is station CHS. We bring you another broadcast in the series of court cases. This afternoon we shall sit in on the legal execution of a will.

It reads: We, the class of '53, being in sound body and mind, memory and understanding, despite all evidence to the contrary, do hereby confirm this document as our class will. It is to become active in September of this year. We bequeath and bestow:

To Father Moritz we leave a deep and heartfelt "thank you" for his guidance, and for the devotion he has instilled in our hearts for our Blessed Mother.

To Sister Honoria we leave our gratitude for all she has done for us and a prayer for success in all her undertakings.

To the Sisters our regrets for having to leave their patient guidance which has been an inspiration to us for the last four years, plus our "quiet" lunch periods.

To Miss Lydon, an anxious team that is ready to win games for C.H.S. next year.

To Mr. McCarthy we leave hope and success for this season's baseball team.

To Mr. Handy, a fast improving team both in football and basketball.

To Miss Bogen we leave an appreciation for the marvelous results of "The Finger On My Soul.

To the library, a complete series of The Bobsey Twins for the Seniors' book reports.

To the Class Officers we leave the task of reaching the high standards attained by this year's cabinet.

To the student body we leave our ambition and initiative so they may successfully complete their four years at Cathedral in the manner prescribed by the class of '53.

To the Juniors we leave six spacious classrooms completely equipped with all the necessary books for hard and diligent study.

To all we leave our regrets at leaving, and the wish that Cathedral may, in the years to come retain its high spirit of co-operation and progress.

In testimony whereof, we, the undersigned, do hereby place our hand of approval and acceptance upon this Declaration.

Alice Madden

Eileen E Costello

The legal enactments having taken place and ended, the court is dismissed. This is Station CHSSIGNING OFF.

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The legal ceremonies having taken place and ended, the court is dismissed. This is Station CHSSIONING OFF.

HISTORY

Four fleeting years have passed. We are now ready to be graduated and soon we shall have only memories to remind us of Cathedral High,, but what heart-warming, pleasant memories they will be as we recall the many new acquaintances we made, the happy events that occurred, and our incessant battle with our books.

Recalling our first day in high school, we will remember its happy start. We attended Mass at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, for which our school is named, as we have done each succeeding year. After Mass we were lost. There were strange corridors, strange teachers, others equally as lost as we were. Gradually we became accustomed to the routine of the school. We made our first acquaintances, some of whcih will last a lifetime. We familiarized ourselves with the cafeteria and its facilities. In our Sophomore year the hot-lunch program was inaugurated, and since, many have enjoyed and taken advantage of it. School life soon became routine for us. There were baseball, football, basketball games and many dances to attend. We learned the meaning of "tempus fugit" both in Latin and from experience. Before we knew it, we had exams thrust in front of us. Upon completion of the exams we were forced to take a summer vacation.

When we returned to school in the Fall, we knew our way around a little better. We went into the Cathedral without hesitation, heard Mass, and were assigned our classrooms. We quickly settled into the routine of the school curriculum. We again met some new subjects for the first time: French, Spanish, and biology. We continued to have dances and many of us, for the first time, attended the annual skating party held at Sholes. The only minstrel show put on during our four years was staged when we were sophomores. This gave many of us the opportunity to display our fine talent. Another Magazine subscription drive was held, and it was a success as it has been each year. Once again, we were faced with final exams and then started another vacation

Our Junior year was only a few weeks old when we received the disheartening news that Father Cotter was leaving to take up another position. However, Sister Honoria has since carried on the duties of principal very ably. We were fortunate also in having Fr. Moritz sent to be our student counselor. Many important events occurred during this year. The entire school sang the Marian Mass. Our first retreat was conducted and it proved so efficacious that it was repeated during our Senior year. Things were not so routine this year. We began our first chemistry experiments yet by some miracle managed to leave the chem lab right where we found it. The science fair was held in March and many Junior exhibits won prizes. No sooner was the science fair over then we began to prepare for the prom. Many couples went to the Prom held at the University Club and to dinner afterwards at STEUBENS. The Prom and final exams marked the end of a very eventful Junior year.

HISTORY

Our last year at Cathedral High School began, as always, with Mass at the Holy Cross Cathedral. This was a year of decisions. We had to choose carefully what subjects to take to prepare us for whatever we were to do after graduation. For some it meant choosing what college or seminary, for others, what type of work to take up. We enjoyed the usual number of record hops, dances, and the skating party, and especially the talent show staged by the Girls' Basketball Team. The football team had a very good record and won an all-important game by defeating Mission. The basketball team picked up where the football team left off, and it too had a very good record. The basketball season was highlighted by the team's trip to Berlin N. H. The baseball team did well too. We were allowed to get out early to work before Christmas and when we returned we realized what little time was left. Some had to take college board exams and so, much of the time was spent reviewing work. After college boards the amount of studying that had to be done was lessened. The school play "The Finger on my Soul" was a success, and the senior chorus was equally successful. Now we are gathered for one of the very last times as a group. All that has been recalled is now but a memory. We have been instructed wisely, patiently, and gladly by Father Moritz and the Sisters. They have taught us something that makes our school different from the public schools. They have taught us our Faith what it is, what it means to us and how to live it. If we practice what they have taught, then our four years at Cathedral High School have been a success.

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Humor 1953

Quiet, please, lend us your ear;
A few facts you now shall hear;
We've collected some faults and fancies too,
And thought it fun to present them to you.

Ed C____ is very smart,
And famous for his funny art.

Fitzi has a gift he'd like to keep,
And it's the wonderful gift called sleep.

Alfred N____ you all know who,
Never knows just what to do.

There was a boy named Arthur B____,
He always did all his homework.

A better basketball player has never been,
Than that Senior girl, Mary G____.

When it comes to making a friend,
With Joan D____ there is no end.

One of the nicest, the truest, the best,
That's how Donny is known from the rest.

Always merry, always gay,
Bernice C____ is just that way.

Alice M____ is her name,
We foretell for her a future of fame.

A smile on her face, a twinkling eye,
That often gets Eileen C____ by.

Charles is handsome but not too tall,
A favorite with one and all.

Happiness always, sadness never,
That is Jerry M____'s endeavor.

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One of the nicest, the truest, the best,
That's how Donny is known from the rest.

Always merry, always gay,
Bernice C____ is just that way.

Alice M____ is her name,
We foretell for her a future of fame.

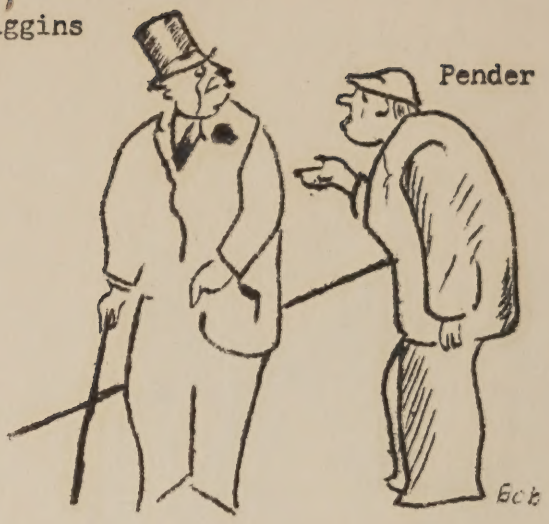
A smile on her face, a twinkling eye,
That often gets Eileen C____ by.

Charles is handsome but not too tall,
A favorite with one and all.

Happiness always, sadness never,
That is Jerry M____'s endeavor.

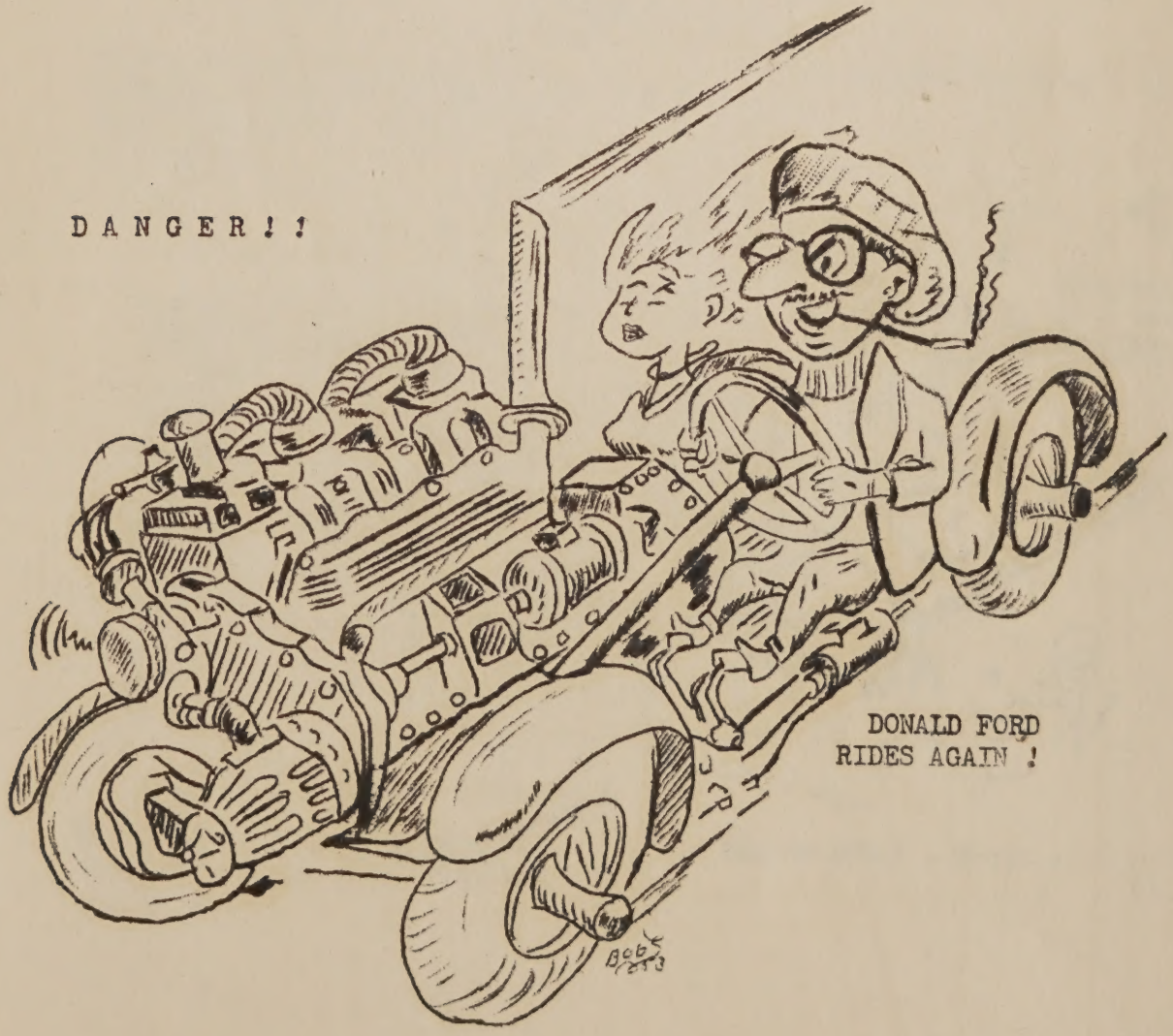
OWEN WALSH,
"And mother there were three school collections this week. That took fifteen cents!

Higgins

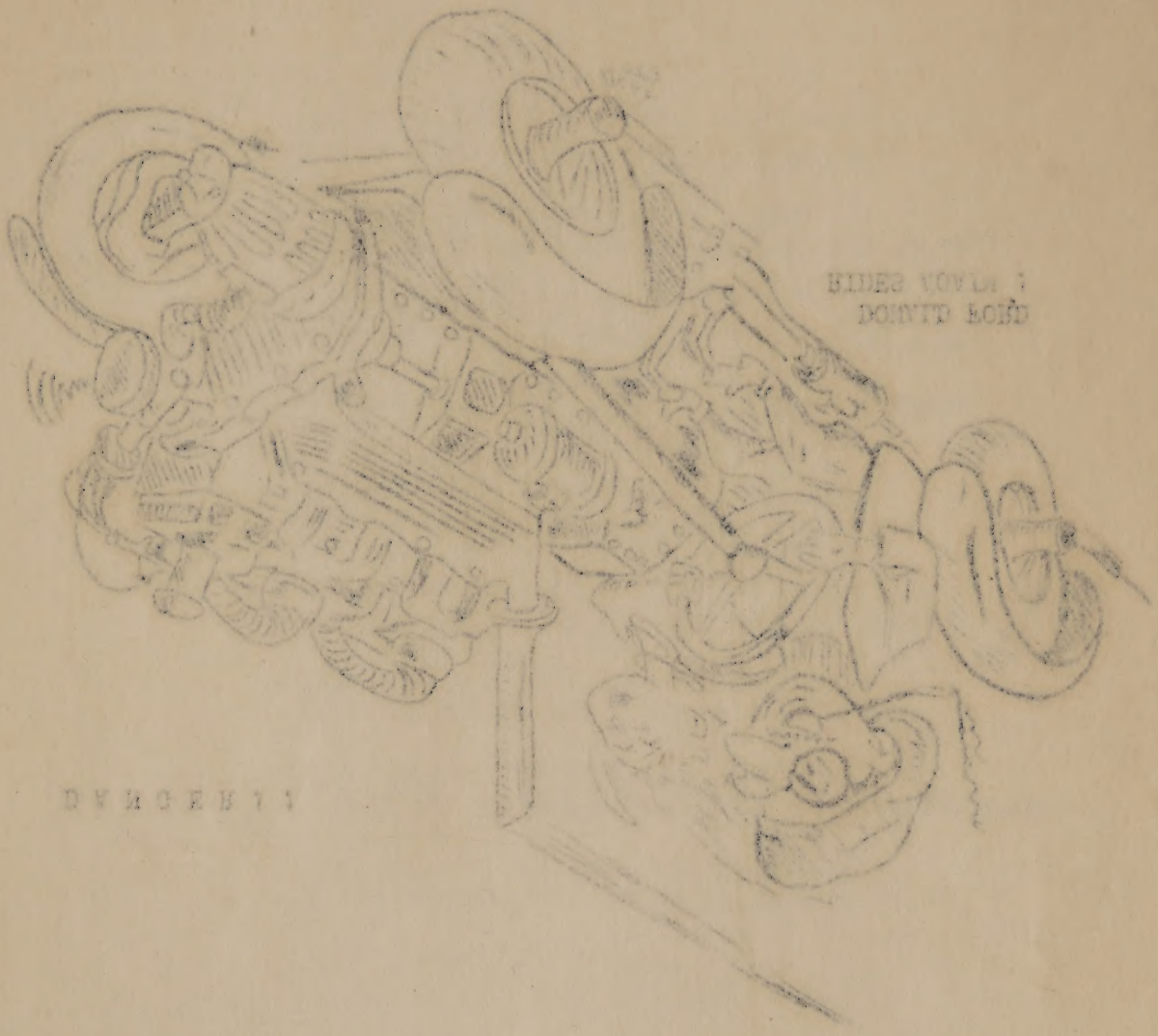


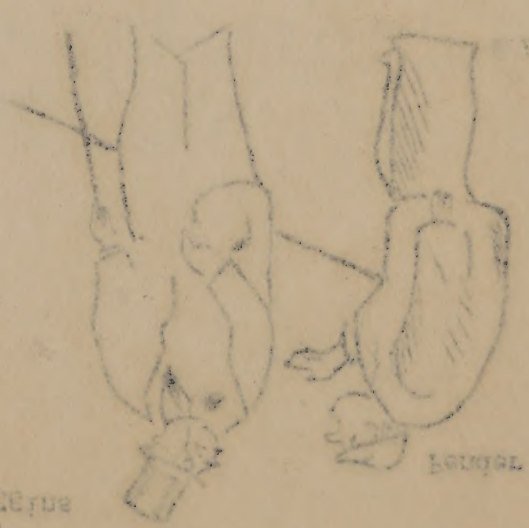
"Mister, Buddy---to you!!"

DANGER!!

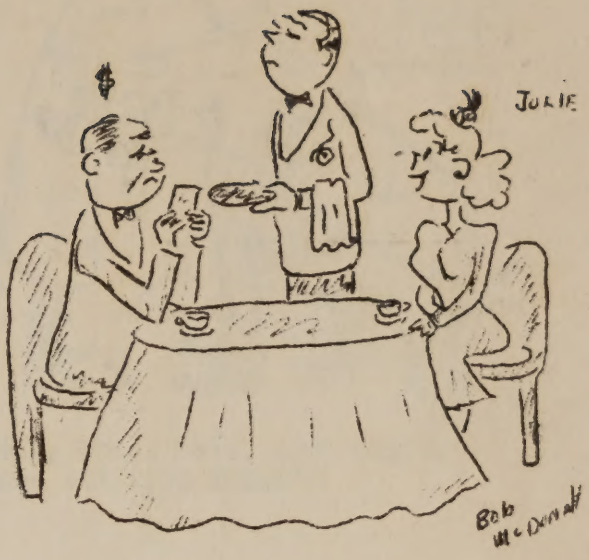


DONALD FORD
RIDES AGAIN !





"Well, if you're going to be busy next Saturday night, I guess I'll have to make it some other Girl."



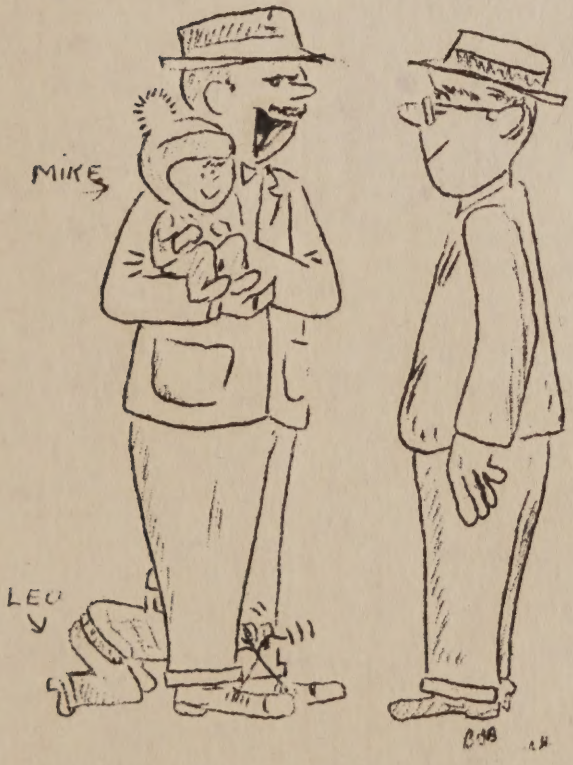
"Is it Something that I ate"

"You won't need a character reference--It's quite obvious you are"

BOB Mc DONAH - Requiescat in Pace!

PAUL
HALLORAN'S idea is to make a killing while the dollar's still worth fifty-six cents.

"Well, well, well, paul regan! good ol' PAUL REGAN!"



"Oh yes, Leo had a certain amount of normal resentment when Mike first arrived, but he is perfectly reconciled to the situation now."

"THERE'S ONE IN EVERY ROOM"

"Well, well, well, paul revere.
good ol' PAUL REVERE!"

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